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The Man Higher Up.

....By Martin Green....

Now that Port Arthur Has Fallen, What Will the Chefoo Dreamers Do?

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Port Arthur has really fallen."

"It's an awful blow to the fall editors at Chefoo," replied the Man Higher Up. "They are now out of a job. No longer able to string the world every other day with fake news of the fall of Port Arthur the only course open for them is to begin to have the Russians capture it again."

"That bunch in Chefoo and a select assortment of liars in Rome have made suckers of the civilized world for months. Every time they woke up from the effects of the hop, or whatever they get a habit on over there, they cabled that Port Arthur had been opened to the Japs."

"Thus far one of the chief lessons of the war has been the mobility of the Chinese junk. This useful,

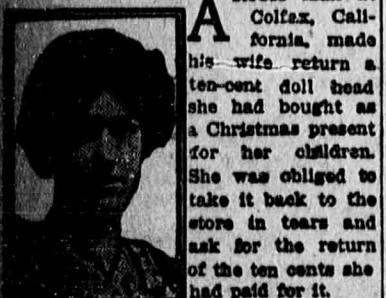
method of conveyance has been made the medium of half the fakes that have been strung under the Pacific Ocean. Every time the Chefoo aggregation was put to a straight declaration they laid the source of their information to the captain of a Chinese junk which had just returned from Port Arthur after landing a cargo of ice cream or cigarettes."

"Some people think that the fall of Port Arthur opens the way to universal peace. But there will be other wars. Supposing all the nations in the world enter into an arbitration agreement and then two of them get into an argument over a slice of territory; supposing they agree to arbitrate; and then one of them refuses to stand by the decision of the referee? How are the other nations going to make it knuckle down?"

"I know a man who bet his vermiform appendix against a baby carriage that Port Arthur would never fall, and now he refuses to make good," asserted the Cigar Store Man. "Why don't you start a Japanese surgeon after him?" asked the Man Higher Up.

The Meanest Man.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A RICH man at Colfax, California, made his wife return a ten-cent doll head she had bought as a Christmas present for her children. She was obliged to take it back to the store in tears and ask for the return of the ten cents she had paid for it.

The search for the meanest man, the North Pole and the secret of perpetual motion in our own time, and as early as the fountain of youth and the philosopher's stone, have been prosecuted fruitlessly for many centuries.

But here at last it comes to an end. Now surely no one will deny that the meanest man has been located in Colfax, Cal.

Mean as a general thing are not mean. Meanness is one of the few disagreeable traits of human nature that may easily be regarded as collectively feminine. But when the individual man actually tries to be mean, as indeed he would have us believe when he tries to do anything else, he leaves the abject creature competitor far behind him.

There is, however, about the meanest of some men an element of humor which is a very redeeming trait. They are usually so mean that they are funny, and they are usually so funny that they are mean.

One of these men is the meanest man I have ever known. He is a very old man, and he is very old-fashioned. He is a very old-fashioned man, and he is a very old-fashioned man.

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ON THE PUBLIC'S SERVICE

The EVENING WORLD will print here every day an Editorial on some important popular Need

A Man To Watch and a Man to Match.



PEOPLE of all boroughs should be interested in the portrait of this man. He is Anthony N. Brady, and he is quite the most important, if not the best known, person in Greater New York. His is the master hand in the great light and power combination which holds the city at its mercy, and he is the controlling spirit in the miserable Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. There is a good deal to read about both nowadays.

It is well that citizens should know this man better, watch him more closely and try to suffer less at his hands. He is a money hunter who found out very early the value of public franchises—found it out before the public did and has become very rich.

He was once a bartender in the old Delavan House in Albany, in the glad, happy days when it was Tweed's headquarters at the State capital. Tweed stole directly from the community, took money out of the public safe without giving any return whatever.

Mr. Brady and his associates are very careful to acquire their wealth by perfectly lawful means. If no law exists permitting what they want to do they go to Albany and get one.

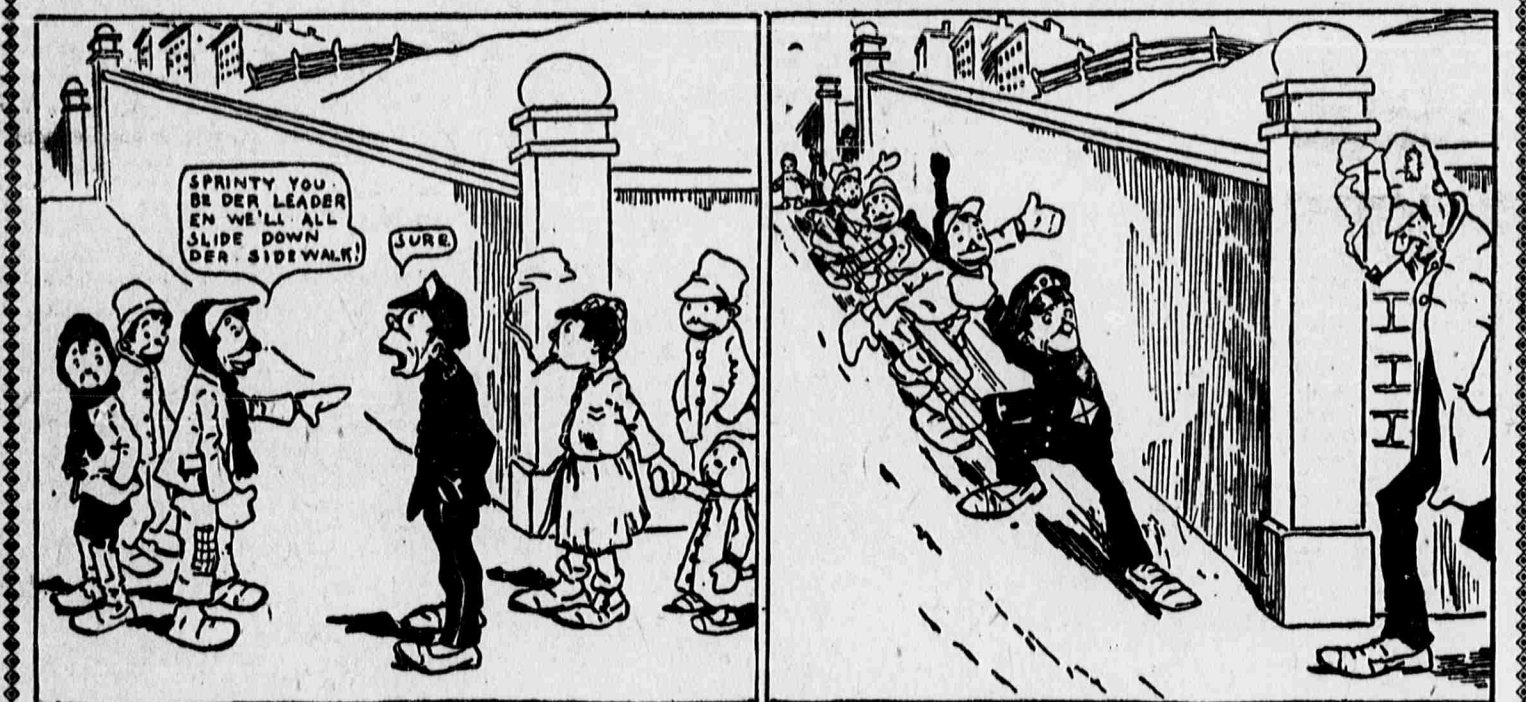
The last time they went they did not get the law, but they are very patient, very persistent and very able.

You of the public are not patient, not persistent and are careless of your priceless property. Why not learn something from Mr. Brady?

We do not present him as an enemy but as an object lesson.

Sprinty Makes a Sidewalk Slide

And It Gets Him Into One of the Slipperiest Places He Was Ever In.



Letters from the People

For the Sick Poor.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The hospitals pressing needs is a subject that should be given more than a passing thought. The writer would suggest that each theatre in the city give a hospital benefit performance one night in each month during the season, the proceeds to be given toward a hospital endowment fund. CHAS. H. T.

The Car Pickpocket.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was riding on a crowded Sixth avenue "L" train one night last week. I noticed two very well-dressed men standing opposite to each other, the one very busy reading a newspaper as best he could on a crowded car, and every time the man with the newspaper would accidentally show the edges of his paper under the opposite man's chin, innocently enough. Now, after the man with the paper had left the car at the Eighty-first street station, the man who stood opposite the man who read the paper discovered he had lost a valuable diamond pin, which the other man had worked out with the edges of his paper and dropped into the other hand that was not working. Those who have lost pins so mysteriously on crowded cars may be interested in this. B. K.

Resents the "Flag" Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A correspondent propounds a foolish query relative to the child's nationality in the first port of call, in which case the child would be recognized as a British subject. The woman adopts the nationality of the husband upon marriage. "IMPULSIVE HOB." W. J. L.

Business.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to the query concerning the nationality of the child born in an Italian steamer flying a Norwegian flag, in Irish waters, the father being English and the mother German, I think the fact of the child being born in Irish waters does not affect the question; nor does the fact of Italian ownership of the vessel affect the question. The child being born under the Norwegian flag, I think becomes a Norwegian, unless the father registers the child's birth at the office of the British Consul.

Generous.
She—No, my dear; there are too many things to give up to get married.
He—Well, then, you keep your job and

The Wise Boy.
"My son, wine, woman and song will be your ruin."
"Then I'll have to give up my singing lessons!"

The McIntyre Flat.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

THE threadbare "Servant Problem" had secured a double-Nelson hold on the domestic peace of the McIntyre Flat and was rapidly choking life's grand sweet song of "Home Sweet Home" into a gurgled rendition of "A Hotel Life for Mine!"

A motherly dame, built for endurance rather than for speed, had conducted the General Housework Department of the McIntyre Flat ever since that institution started. But at length a home-breaking demon, cleverly disguised as a youthful plumber's assistant, had lured her to the altar, leaving the McIntyres cookless. Then set in the Era of Misrule.

A buzom lass, whose only outward fault was that her various features showed a lack of team work, took up the reins of cookship. For a week she was a treasure. Then one fatal night there re-echoed a sound as of four strong men moving a piano. The "treasure" was discovered climbing upstairs on all fours, backward, warbling a tearful and gin-laden exhortation to a certain mythical "Jennie" to "wait till the clouds roll by." Next morning she was allowed to depart, weeping, from the fifth-floor garden of Eden known to the initiated as the McIntyre Flat.

A second cook had a proclivity for feeding the hungry (among her relatives) and charging it to McIntyre's account at the butcher's and grocer's. When gently chided for this charitable custom she left. A third cook demanded three afternoons a week off, refused to work without a bonus when guests were expected and had a cheerful gift at repartees with the janitor, which she displayed by pouring kettlesful of scalding water down the dumb-waiter on his devoted head. She resigned when urged to curb her gay spirits.

A fourth—a noble dame, Flora by name—looked like a winner until she announced one day that she would require the dining and drawing rooms each evening for "a W.I. informal evening I've given her to a few of my dear friends." When the McIntyres broke the news to her that the

sores must not ring to-night she left. By this time the McIntyres began daily to count the gray hairs that had accumulated overnight. Home was a horror.

A fifth cook—a large, pleasant-faced soul with a nautical roll to her gait—came next day. She was a winner; but past experiences made the McIntyres hysterical every time she looked toward the outer door.

Late one night McIntyre went into the kitchen before retiring. The cook had long since gone to bed. On the stationary tub he saw a weird object. It was a wooden leg. This explained the cook's rolling walk.

An idea telegraphed itself throughout his brain. Half an hour later he tiptoed out of the kitchen with an air of joyous guilt.

"What have you been doing all this time?" queried Mrs. McIntyre when he appeared before her, perspiring but triumphant.

"I've been trying to save the cook, trouble by splitting kindling wood for the morning fire," he replied carelessly.

"How thoughtful of you!" exclaimed the admiring wife. "But—the cook told me to-day we were all out of kindling wood. Where did you find any to split?"

"Oh," he answered in a laboriously easy tone, "I found some out in the kitchen. And"—he added after an embarrassed pause—"though I'm not much of a prophet I think I can hazard a forecast that this newest cook of ours will never, NEVER leave us. Unless!"

"Unless what?"

"Unless she acquires the acrobatic art of walking on her hands."

The Pessimist's Growl

By Alice Rohe.

"WENT to the theatre last night," said the Pessimist sourly.

"That's nice," replied the Amateur Philosopher. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Didn't have time," snapped the Pessimist. "Too busy trying to sidestep theatre bores. I tell you, something ought to be done. Here I went to the theatre in the expectation of a pleasant evening of freedom from worries—and what did I get?"

"Why, I was driven crazy by those theatre pests."

"What are they? You talk like they were a guild or an organization."

"Well, they certainly are a part of every theatre I've ever been in, and I think they ought to be exterminated. Just as the curtain had gone up on the first act and we were all comfortably settled, there comes in the ohronic late bore. Of course, the women's to blame, but that isn't the point. It necessitates everybody standing up and making an impenetrable wall in front of the whole house unfortunate enough to be seated back of the late-coming bores that cut out a lovely bunch of plot just in a vital development of the piece. Oh, it was fine. Then when they had been seated I found that the woman in front of me had a head-dress on that would make a North American Indian war chief look like a milk imitation."

"But why didn't you ask the usher to have it removed?"

"Couldn't. It was her own hair with feather trimmings. You can't kick on that, it's exempt from the hat ordinance."

About Elephants.

"ELEPHANTS in the swamp country of Central Africa," writes a traveller, "are different in their habits from those which inhabit the forests. In the marshes they stand throughout the day immersed in water up to their bellies and with their backs almost hidden by the high growth of reeds. Here they can always be traced by the white egret which invariably accompany them, and which feed upon the ticks and other insects with which their hides are infested. A herd of elephants moving through dense grass can be kept in sight, even though they themselves are invisible, by the fluttering up and down of these white birds."

"Wherever elephants have been hunted they are always apt to be bad tempered, and to charge at a shot, or at sight. Some sad incidents have occurred in the Soudan and in Uganda and most officers serving in those countries who have hunted elephants can recount extremely narrow escapes. Cow elephants are far more dangerous than bulls, and many instances could be related of a herd of female elephants charging a traveller as soon as they got his wind and forcing him to run for his life."

"Nowhere else have I seen elephants in such numbers and so fearless of man as in the Dinka country. I have watched

ed them passing to the leeward of a group of Dinkas without taking the slightest notice of them and without a single trunk being raised in protest. Even when the steamer in which we are travelling came upon them suddenly, when feeding in the reeds, they rarely showed any alarm, and merely retreated quietly and without hurry. The elephants in this region have not been hunted or disturbed for many years."

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

More Is Always Better Than Enough!

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John Stuart Mill always held that a SNAP was as good as a GRAFT. This view was shared IN PART by Herbert Spencer and Adam Smith.

WE go farther than EITHER of these great men!

WE believe that MORE is ALWAYS better than ENOUGH!

"The More the Better" is a familiar saying with THE WISE.

WE AGREE WITH THE WISE. People who stop with ENOUGH are in the way!

"Let Us Have MORE," should be our unsatisfied cry. Then we will NEVER get ENOUGH!

This will keep us from GETTING IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS! If you get in the way of progress you DO NOT move! If you do not MOVE you STAND STILL! If you stand still your FEET will become COLD. DO NOT GET COLD FEET!